

Father of a Spartan

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Summary: Master Chief goes to visit his father's grave with Arbiter and Avery, with surprise guests. My first Halo fic! Please R&R!

Father of a Spartan

I was gonna post this on Father's Day, but I didn't get a chance to. I got this idea after thinking about Halo 3's story line. I know that John would barely remember his father, but I liked this idea. Well, here is my first Halo fic!

Disclaimer: I do not own Master Chief (Damn...), Arbiter, Avery, Miranda or Admiral Hood. But I do own the little boy.

Avery and Arbiter stood a few feet away as John, in dress whites, knelt in front of his father's grave. His hat was by his side and his fingers were slowly tracing the name of the man who was his father. He was recruited at age six, but remember his father. When he graduated and achieved rank of Master Chief, he had found and downloaded a picture of the man who helped give him life just before that fateful mission on Reach. He'd forgotten it until one day, while digging around in his helmets Harddrive for some file or another for Johnson, he'd found it. He had wanted to visit, but until just recently, Earth had been too infested with Covenant and Flood for it to be possible. And by the time he, Avery and Arbiter had finished...It had been too late.

"He was a good man." John said after a moment. Johnson walked up to him and squatted by his side.

_My father had skin like leather, _

_Hands like steel, _

From the lifetime spent in the cotton field.

know he would come home tired and dirty almost every night,

He found the strength to smile at me,

And hold my momma tight

While that old transister radio

would play the opry out in the hall

I'd sit and watch their shadows glide across the wall

"My Daddy was a good man too, a marine, like me. Well, I'm like him. He was a marine before I was born. Raised me by himself, Momma had died of cancer when I was seven. Enough to remember her, but not enough for her influence me." Johnson said, rubbing the back of his neck embarrassedly. Arbiter nodded as well.

"My father was there when I recieved this mark. Even though we had severed contact years before, he was there when I was alone. A father's love is a remarkable thing." Arbiter shook his head. The three men knelt, squatted and stood there.

"I suppose this is a boys only thing?" Miranda Keyes asked, walking towards them. John and Avery rose to their feet and all three saluted. Miranda returned the salute and then waved her hand at them.

"As you were. I thought I'd come down here myself." Miranda said, looking at the gravestones littering the cemetary. The undertakers had a booming buisness during the ensuing bar fight that was the fight to reclaim Earth. "My father was a hell of a man. Pilot, commander, hero." Miranda said, trailing off, unsure of how to continue.

And they danced to a dixie lullaby

A picture of love beneath southern sky

Oh my, what a beautiful life

Just like a dixie lullaby

"Daddy wasn't too thrilled when I said I was joining the Marines. Said it would be safer on Earth, in Brooklyn. Huh, look how that turned out." Johnson said, looking about sadly.

"My father wanted me to be an engineer. He was not happy about me being a soldier, but he was there when I became Supreme Commander. Congraulated me and stood by me at my wedding." Arbiter added, shaking his head. "I sometimes wonder what would have happened had I done as he wished." Arbiter said, looking at the stars. Johnson grinned and elbowed him in the ribs.

"We'd won a whole lot sooner." Johnson teased, making Arbiter smile slightly.

"Dad couldn't have been happier to see me join." Miranda said, gazing at the stars as well. "Gave me the In Amber Clad. I didn't realize that he was up for it too, if I had known what was going to happen with the Pillar of Autumn..." again she trailed off.

I left home at 18, in a hand me down chevrolet

Packed my mommas cookin

My old man stood and waves

Its college, work and love

Then the babies came,

The youngest ones got his grand daddies name,

And in the early morning hours

When my children could not sleep

I'd rock them in my arms to a gentle beat,

"It wouldn't have made a difference." John said, looking away from the headstone to face his commanding officer. "It just would have been you that would have gone down and become Flood, not him. What's done is done, Miranda." John said and walked away, his hat under his arm. Johnson started to follow, but Arbiter stopped him.

"He is grieving, let him grieve alone." Arbiter said, making Johnson shake his head.

"That boy is too alone. Can't you Navy boys and girls whip up some company for the man?" Johnson asked Miranda, making her chuckle.

And sing them a dixie lullaby

Hush baby dont you start to cry

Oh my what a beautiful life

Just like a dixie lullaby

John stumbled and hit his knees, tears finally, finally, streaming down his face for the family he never met, the people he couldn't save and the world he'd let get destroyed. None of it was his fault, but he couldn't stop himself, he had never cried, not even when they'd taken him from his family. He had been a stoic child, occasionally indulging in a prank, joke or otherwise, but he'd never cried.

"Mister, are you okay?" a small voice asked, making John look up. It was a little boy, the same as he'd been when he was recruited.

"Yeah, just uh, visiting my father here." John said, wiping his eyes. The little boy nodded and sat down next to him.

"Yeah, I was visiting my father here too. He died fighting." the

little boy said. He looked at John. "What's your name?" he asked. John smiled slightly, It'd been a while since he'd been asked that.

"John. What's yours?" he asked, then watched the boys eyes light up.

"My names John too!" he said and held out his hand solemnly. John smiled and shook his hand.

My father was a mountain of a man

That was the description that i gave,

the morning that we layed him in his grave

There with my momma by his side

I said my last goodbye to a man i thought would never die

As I stood there in the feet of amazing grace

Oh how the tear ran down my face

John returned a few hours later, looking better. Avery opened his mouth to ask a question, but a stern look from Miranda stopped it.

"You okay?" Miranda asked questioningly. John nodded and looked down at his green stained knees.

"I am, but my dress pants aren't." he said cheerfully. He looked at his father's gravestone and his smile faded somewhat.

"I don't remember much about my father, but I remember he was a kind, gentle man who loved me with all his heart. I think if he knew, he would have been proud of me." John said.

"He did know, John. We made sure he knew." a new voice said. They all turned and saluted upon seeing it was Admiral Hood. He chuckled ruefully and raised his hand in a 'Relax, we're not on ship' gesture.

And I sang him a dixie lullaby

We'll meet again, by and by

oh my what a beautiful life

Just like a dixie lullaby

_Oh my what a beautiful life, _

Just like a dixie lullaby...

"What do you mean?" John asked. Hood smiled gently.

"When reports of you're actions reached Earth, we tracked down your family. Your Mother had already passed on, but your father was alive, so we informed of him of the fact that you were his son. We also made

him swear not to breathe a word of it. He didn't and so he died knowing that his Son was fighting to save Earth. I think he just about burst with pride when we told him." Hood's face softened. "He wanted me to give you this. I'm sorry, John, I simply forgot, with the attack on Earth and the Ark being discovered." Hood said, giving John a letter. Saluting Miranda and the others, he left silently.

"Aren't you gonna read it?" Avery said, nudging his friends arm. John tucked the letter in a pocket and grinned impudently at Avery.

"Later. Right now, I wanna celebrate winning. Let's get plastered." John said. Johnson whooped with glee.

"Lead on, my man. Onto booze, women and oblivion." Johnson said, following John. Arbiter looked at Miranda and placed a hand on her shoulder.

"I'm sure wherever they are, our fathers are proud of us all." he said, then turned to look at John and Avery in the distance, where they were singing 'We will Rock You' as loudly as possible. "Well, some of us." he said. Miranda laughed.

Fin

Please R&R!

End
file.